

For the Death of 100 Whales

By Michael McClure

In April, 1954, Time magazine described seventy-nine bored American G.I.s stationed at a NATO base in Iceland murdering a pod of one hundred killer whales. In a single morning the soldiers, armed with rifles, machine guns, and boats, rounded up and then shot the whales to death.

Hung midsea
Like a boat mid-air
The liners boiled their pastures:
The liners of flesh,
The Arctic steamers

Brains the size of a teacup
Mouths the size of a door

The sleek wolves
Mowers and reapers of sea kine.
THE GIANT TADPOLES
(Meat their algae)
Leapt
Like sheep or children.
Shot from the sea's bore.

Turned and twisted
(Goya!!)
Flung blood and sperm.
Incense.
Gnashed at their tails and brothers
Cursed Christ of mammals,
Snapped at the sun,
Ran for the Sea's floor.

Goya! Goya!
Oh Lawrence
No angels dance those bridges.
OH GUN! OH BOW!
There are no churches in the waves,
No holiness,
No passages or crossings
From the beasts' wet shore.

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The first thing comes from an interview Bishop gave to the Paris Review in 1978, just a year before her death, and is about her time as a student at Vassar in the 30s and her early thoughts on becoming a poet: I probably wasn't a good roommate either, because...

In "Poetry"

Derek Walcott, Earth

Let the day grow on you upward through your feet, the vegetal knuckles, to your knees of stone, until by evening you are a black tree; feel, with evening, the swifts thicken your hair, the new moon rising out of your forehead, and the moonlit veins of silver running from...

In "Poetry"

Hugh MacDairmid - Skald's Death

I have known all the storms that roll. I have been a singer after the fashion of my people – a poet of passion. All that is past. Quiet has come into my soul. Life's tempest is done. I lie at last A bird cliff under the midnight sun.

Hugh...

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